

RAPPING GHOST OF KINGSTON.

MYSTERY OF A SAN JOAQUIN WOODCHOPPER'S CABIN.

Strange Pranks of a Nocturnal Visitor That Told of Murder and Buried Treasure and Cried for Vengeance—How the Restless Spirit Was Finally Quieted.

Ghosts are usually associated with churches, old country castles and manor houses in long settled communities, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*; therefore, for a real live ghost to appear in a sparsely settled district of sunny California, and in a tiny one roomed cabin at that, was, according to ghostly ethics as I've heard them, an unwarranted intrusion into the realm of sunlight; however, with ghosts as well as mortals, circumstances alter cases.

I am not a believer in ghosts, at least not the house haunting, chain creaking sort; so when during a trip through the San Joaquin Valley I was told that there was a haunted house in the neighborhood, I laughed at the idea and declared that I would pay it a visit and lay the ghost.

It was at the prosperous little town of Hanford, surrounded by fruit orchards, that I first heard of the strange pranks of the nocturnal visitor. The scene of the disturbance was near Kingston, an old stage town about nine miles from Hanford. Kingston was quite a prosperous little hamlet before the Southern Pacific Railroad came through that part of the San Joaquin Valley.

The story ran that several woodchoppers who lived in a cabin about two miles from Kingston had for some time been awakened about midnight by most alarming sounds coming, apparently, from under the floor of the cabin; blood curdling groans, hoots and rappings would be heard, at times almost directly under the floor, then apparently sinking to a greater depth and dying away in a dismal wail, with all the usually attendant signs of a restless departed spirit. So disturbed were the men, unable to stand the strain upon their nerves, not to speak of the loss of sleep, removed their quarters to another locality, only two remaining in the cabin.

A good deal of attention was attracted to the place by those who had witnessed the phenomena and many people availed themselves of the opportunity of paying their respects to the visitor from the underworld, so much so that at the time when I arrived on the scene the lively men of Hanford were doing a good business driving parties to the haunted cabin.

Among the visitors were some spiritual mediums who professed to understand the spirit language, and who, on their return, told of a wonderful conversation conducted by means of oral questions on their part more or less intelligent to the general public, and answered on the part of the spirit by means of taps, one tap for yes and two for no. By this means they professed to have discovered that the restless spirit had been in life a Frenchman 38 years of age, who was murdered on that spot twenty-five years ago by two Germans, the object of the crime being robbery, as he was known to have a large sum of money, which, however, he had buried at the foot of a tree 1,000 feet from that spot. The murders were now in Montana, and his object in thus disturbing the peace was to have them brought to justice, as, till that was accomplished, his spirit could have no rest.

The story to many seemed plausible, so much so that several of the prominent citizens of Hanford gave it sufficient credence to institute a search for the buried treasure and, tracing a line at a distance of 1,000 feet from the cabin, actually dug around the roots of every tree and stump which came near the line; they also undermined the corner of the cabin from which the sounds seemed to emanate, claiming that if the bones of the unfortunate man were found they wished to give them decent burial, though some uncharitable people attributed a more sordid motive to their labor.

As Kingston was on my way to the coast, whether I was bound for a vacation, I decided to make my camp there for the night and take in the ghost.

On my arrival at the deserted hamlet I found that the only inhabited house to which I had been directed was full to overflowing and I either have to return to Hanford for a bed or put up in one of the deserted barns. As I had a good camping outfit with me, I chose the latter course, and foraging some hay, spread my blankets and made my bed ready in the hayrack of a tolerably well preserved barn.

The scene usually commenced about midnight, and as I was only two miles or so from the cabin, I had plenty of leisure to make my arrangements. It was a bright moonlight night, and at first view the cabin appeared to be as having a very ghostly appearance. It stood in a clearing of a patch of scrub oak and was evidently of rather recent construction. The cabin was a simple affair and found myself in a rough one room cabin with no furniture save a few chairs and a table; several visitors were already there and the two spook-proof woodchoppers were comfortably rolled in their blankets in opposite corners, seemingly asleep. I found a rickety chair and after an interchange of courtesies the silence fell as we were concerned, was ready to begin.

There were two ladies present and we entered the cabin with a respectful air. The two spook-proof woodchoppers were comfortably rolled in their blankets in opposite corners, seemingly asleep. I found a rickety chair and after an interchange of courtesies the silence fell as we were concerned, was ready to begin.

At length, however, we were rewarded by hearing a genuine knock coming apparently from directly underneath the chair of one of the ladies, which, needless to say, was speedily vacated; several disconnected taps and a peculiar moaning sound followed. The lady by this time pretty wide awake and one of the ladies, being mediumistically inclined and therefore supposedly in her element, began a series of questions to determine whether the spirit given by those who had previously interviewed the shade of the murdered Frenchman agreed with the present answers. Are you a Frenchman? One tap, meaning yes. Are you a German? Two taps for no—and so on, the lady and I agreeing in every detail with the story as heretofore related. Then a third knock struck me. The ghost of a Frenchman should be able to speak French, and as I had some knowledge of that language, I asked the same questions which had been previously answered. Here, however, something seemed amiss, the answering taps were few and far between, and I gathered that the Frenchman was a Frenchman, but the climax came when I put the question: "Are you alive?" and received one tap in answer, meaning yes. Either the good spirit was or else his long sojourn underground had sadly dulled the memory of his native tongue.

began to "hoo me doots," as the Scotch say, and looked around the room for a possible solution of the mystery. I felt I was facing the corner of the cabin where one of the woodchoppers lay apparently in the arms of Morpheus. I determined to watch him and thought that I detected a slight movement of his blankets. I turned my head and saw that the distance from the sound to where he lay was a good twelve feet, and it seemed at first impossible to connect him with the sound. I communicated my suspicions to one of the men present, who I judged from a physical standpoint would be able to assist me in my investigation of the mystery. We hunched our chairs a bit closer to the seemingly sleeping man, and when

TO QUENCH MAN'S THIRST.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE SUBJECT OF DRINKS.

Water the Most Perfect Beverage, Says Prof. Rusby—Effects of Fruit Juices, Caffeine and Alcohol—Man's Resources in the Matter of Vegetable Drinks.

Prof. H. H. Rusby of the New York Botanical Garden has made a study of the beverages obtained from vegetables, and an essay on the subject will appear in the next issue of the *Journal of the Garden*. These drinks range from pure water to the most powerful stimulants and narcotics. Prof. Rusby says that water which is free from odor or taste, and which is the property that supplying the demand of the system for this liquid, is the most perfect beverage.

The slightest possible modification of the simple beverage is that to which some pleasant taste or odor has been imparted. A little greater modification is that to which is added gum, which, by coating the fauces, decreases the amount of evaporation, and consequent thirst. Examples of the latter are oatmeal water and water to which has been added crushed saffron leaves.

A further step is the addition of carbonic acid gas, which deadens the nerve endings, whose sensations of thirst distress one. A much longer step is to add alcohol, which deadens the nerve centers and causes a greater or less degree of insensibility to thirst.

"The stronger forms of alcohol, containing comparatively little water," Prof. Rusby says, "are not beverages at all, but serve paralyzing or stupefying drugs."

Now, as to the vegetable sources of these beverages, Dr. Rusby says that dwellers in portions of the globe where water is scarce usually know of no other than a coarse, unpalatable supply of water, which may be pilfered from the plant. The value of the cocoanut in this secret liquid, cool when all else about it is disagreeably warm, is well known. Related palm fruits also secrete water, and Dr. Rusby says of them:

"I have stood on the tidal flats of Venezuela, with no fresh water supply within many miles, and filled a calabash with potable water from palm fruits as large as goose eggs."

"On the upper Madeira, where the great sandy plain provided no streams or springs within easy reach, the hollow stems of the bamboo could furnish enough water to bathe in without involving an excessive amount of labor in the collection. If the stems of the bamboo were cut and the water obtained by cutting the stem of a tall-climbing bignoniaceous vine, when an abundance of palatable water dripped from the severed stem. The traveler's palm secretes water in abundance in the immense leaves, and the Indians of the southwestern deserts of the United States and in Mexico secure water from various cacti."

Fruits are the source of very many beverages. Oranges and watermelons are included among such as are sought by man and animal alike, more for their thirst quenching qualities than as edible products.

The calu is a fruit almost entirely composed of sweet, acidulous liquid, with the smallest amount of insoluble matter. The juice, the unfermented juice of apples and grapes is of the same character, and practically the same is water flavored with fruit juices, like lemon juice. Dr. Rusby adds:

"Our forefathers used cranberries, barberries, sumac fruits and oleaginous fruits for this purpose."

He adds that these strongly acid beverages alleviate the sensation of thirst and excessive heat, and introduce a distinctively new element of beverage, while still another element is introduced when fruit juices contain a certain amount of ferment and form sparkling wine, like champagne or cider.

Carbon dioxide gas results in the process and deadens the taste of the beverage, while the contained water quenches thirst. Thus a much smaller quantity of the liquid satisfies the thirst than that of pure water. I will here mention the small amount of alcohol which results from the vinous fermentation, so they artificially carbonate such fruit juices, and use them as beverages. If the fermented juices themselves are used, the mildest kind of alcoholic beverages, the sparkling class, result. A variety of other substitutes are used. When seeds or grains are used the product comes under the general head of beer or malt liquors. If fruit or plant juices are used, the product is called wine. While all sorts of familiar grains are used in making, Dr. Rusby found that a beer much used in South America was made from peanuts. Lower California the seeds of several varieties of salvia are ground under the name of chia for making beer. The object of this is to retain the moisture in the mouth and throat.

A wine which he describes as delicious is made from the fruit of the Brazilian palm tree. This is a very good beverage, as substitute for lemonade, and also as a wine. On the Pacific South American coast pineapple juice is esteemed a very good beverage, and is used in this case the source of alcohol is cane-sugar. In the former case the object is to retain the moisture in the mouth and throat. While all sorts of familiar grains are used in making, Dr. Rusby found that a beer much used in South America was made from peanuts. Lower California the seeds of several varieties of salvia are ground under the name of chia for making beer. The object of this is to retain the moisture in the mouth and throat.

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A SCHOOL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HOW CHILDREN OF THE SIERRA CANYONS ARE EDUCATED.

Pupils That Ride Ten Miles Over Trails on Mustangs and Have No Fear of Mountain Lions or Wildcats—Schools Are Small, But the Teachers Are Well Paid.

That the United States spends millions of dollars every year upon its schools, and that hundreds of thousands of scholarly men and educated women are engaged in teaching, are facts patent to all, but few realize the painstaking efforts made to supply good school facilities in the most out-of-the-way places and remote mountain nooks.

Away up in a pretty little cañon of the beautiful Santa Lucias of the Coast range is the Alamo school, says the *Los Angeles Times*. Each district is named when organized, and south of San Francisco you will hear many pretty musical Spanish names—Alamo (cottonwood), San Juan (Saint John), Paso de Robles (Pass of the Oaks), Las Ocas (The Bears), Oso Placo (Poor Bear), Cuyama (Clam Shell), and Santa Maria, Santa Manuela and all the other saints.

The Alamo school was originally located on a pretty little stream, Alamo Creek, with great cottonwoods shading its banks. The pupils then came six and ten miles, riding their sure-footed little mustangs over steep trails that would cause an Eastern boy or girl to turn giddy. One pony often carried three children, rarely only one. It is astonishing how many youngsters can stow themselves away in a rickety old cart, and even ride on the shafts, while a scrubby pony or played-out old ranch horse goes tearing along over sliding grades with its happy, laughing crew. Best of all is an old saddle horse that will never trot or walk, but goes bounding along on a "lope," much like its smaller friend, the jack rabbit; that is, he is more fun, if not so safe, as the old plough horse. Often the whole outfit is profusely decorated with giant brake: delicate maidenhair ferns, pretty "goldy-backs" and the gorgeous wild flowers of these mountains. The law says each district must maintain school six months, but eight months is the average for country schools. There must be an average daily attendance of not less than five pupils. If even five children attend school regularly California will provide a suitable house, a library fund, all needed supplies, and a trained teacher at a salary of from \$80 to \$75 or \$80 a month.

The size of some of these outlying districts is worthy of mention. The Alamo, for instance, is twenty-five miles one way and corresponds widely. This is because it is in a "cattle country," where the ranges embrace thousands of acres of grazing land and much fine farming land, usually rented in tracts to men who raise hay for the cattlemen. These renters' children and the children of the cattle owners make up the school. Some four years ago a school house was closed a year because of non-attendance. At the end of the year it was decided to change the location, as there were enough children, all in one end of the big district, however, to hold school if this were done.

The schoolhouse could not be moved nine miles over mountains and across cañons, but the furniture, including a well-filled bookcase, maps, charts, etc., could be, and was. One rancher cheerfully donated an unused cabin of five rooms for a schoolhouse. Patrons were removed, and the cabin made habitable for others than squirrels. Coyotes, wildcats, and even an occasional rattlesnake, were not even an occasion for alarm. The children of the mountains from coming to school, most of them four miles, and all of them over rough trails. Eleven bright little boys and girls were enrolled the first day, and the average daily attendance for the year, in spite of heavy winter rains, was ten and a fraction—ninety-five per cent, I think.

One little girl of 11 left the Alamo school and entered a city school, easily ranking third in a large class of sixth-year pupils. Another at the age of 13, passed the examination given by the county board for graduation from the grammar school to the high school, and ranked among the best four out of seventy-three who received diplomas. Two boys did five years' work in three years, and entered a high school, with no question as to their standing.

The fact that every county has a course of study in harmony with that outlined by the State Board of Education, and every teacher is required carefully to follow this and grade her school, gives to all equal advantages. For the teachers of the high schools are found in the mountain schools—usually, of course, teachers with years of work behind them, who are tired of the turn of the wheel, and turn to the "everlasting hills" as a weary child turns to his mother.

The teacher of our mountain school prefers to keep house, so another cabin was put "into shape," and she entered upon what proved to be a sort of four years' camping trip. The weary winter of the year, when the snow was on the ground, was a steep enough to shed most of the rain even when it fell in torrents during the winter months. The weary winter of the year, when the snow was on the ground, was a steep enough to shed most of the rain even when it fell in torrents during the winter months.

There were other thrilling moments. One evening she stood by an open window, enjoying the wonderful moonlight effects on distant peaks and the open glade where her cabin stood. The varying colors were so silent, and only the calls of the night birds, the chirping of crickets, and the rustling poplars by the spring disturbed the stillness. The moonlight was so bright, and the peace of the cañon. Suddenly, as if from the ground at her very feet, came the terrible, thrilling cry of a mountain lion, and a long, crouching figure crossed the moonlit cañon and bounded up the rocky wall opposite. The chaparral cracked and bones rattled under the feet of the creature, and again sounded that warning cry, like the shriek of a woman in direct distress. These animals often kill stock, and rarely attack human beings, but they are not cheerful company for a lonely woman.

At that other time this plucky woman drove into a creek, a running, swirling, foam-flecked, yellow torrent. She knew there were quicksands; but the rain was falling in blinding rain, the creek could not possibly be forded for days after another hour's rise, and beyond, in the cañon, four little children were waiting for mamma, cheering out through the blinding rain. The thought put spurs to her courage. Half way across, the yellow tide rose even with the bed of the bumpy, rushing stream, and she began to flounder and snort. The vehicle was floating, and in a moment more the good horse was swimming, and she was clinging to the back of the animal, and so one more battle was won.

W. F. Hartill Gets a Divorce.

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The respondent was Joseph A. Coultons, an inventor, who has a large income from royalties. According to the testimony, the parties in the suit were members of the Brooklyn Philosophical Society, being frequent visitors and attendants at its meetings. Coultons was a frequent visitor at the Hartill residence.

Euchre for Charity.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Harlem Eye, Ear and Throat Infirmary will give an afternoon euchre on April 14 at the Builders' League, 74 West 126th street.

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Euchre for Charity.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Harlem Eye, Ear and Throat Infirmary will give an afternoon euchre on April 14 at the Builders' League, 74 West 126th street.

Dr. H. H. Kane.

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A SCHOOL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HOW CHILDREN OF THE SIERRA CANYONS ARE EDUCATED.

Pupils That Ride Ten Miles Over Trails on Mustangs and Have No Fear of Mountain Lions or Wildcats—Schools Are Small, But the Teachers Are Well Paid.

That the United States spends millions of dollars every year upon its schools, and that hundreds of thousands of scholarly men and educated women are engaged in teaching, are facts patent to all, but few realize the painstaking efforts made to supply good school facilities in the most out-of-the-way places and remote mountain nooks.

Away up in a pretty little cañon of the beautiful Santa Lucias of the Coast range is the Alamo school, says the *Los Angeles Times*. Each district is named when